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The Will of Song

Percy MacKaye
Harry Barnhart

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THE WILL OF SONG

WORKS BY PERCY MACKAYE

PLAYS

The Canterbury Pilgrims. A Comedy.
Jeanne d'Arc. A Tragedy.
Sappho and Phaon. A Tragedy.
Fenris, the Wolf. A Tragedy.
A Garland to Sylvia. A Dramatic Reverie.
The Scarecrow. A Tragedy of the Ludicrous.
Yankee Fantasies. Five One-Act Plays.
Mater. An American Study in Comedy.
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Saint Louis. A Civic Masque.
Sanctuary. A Bird Masque.
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The Evergreen Tree. A Christmas Masque.
The Roll Call. A Masque of the Red Cross.
The Will of Song (with Harry Barnhart).

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A Substitute for War.
Community Drama. An Interpretation.

ALSO (As Editor)

The Canterbury Tales. A Modern Rendering into Prose.
The Modern Reader's Chaucer (with Professor J. S. P. Tatlock).

AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE WILL OF SONG

A Dramatic Service
of Community Singing

DEVISED IN COÖPERATION WITH

HARRY BARNHART

BY

PERCY MACKAYE

For Use as a Two Days' Song Festival
in Two Parts

PART I: SOUL OF EARTH

PART II: SOUL OF LIGHT

Cover Design by Claude Bragdon

BONI AND LIVERIGHT
NEW YORK 1919

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1919

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OCT -3 1919

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DEDICATION

The Garden of Song lay in the torpid landscape
High walled about, trim-shorn,
Shut away from the raucous wilds of a blatant America.
An old exotic ivy gloomed on the gate-way
Forbidding to little children and light-hearted old folks
Who paused as they passed, to look in
Where long-trodden paths were lined with respectable hedge-
rows,
Intricate, ornate, established,
Geometric, escarped with rococo,
Well watered by new rubber hose
And graced by the well-painted motto: "Keep off the grass."

The walls of the Garden of Song were edged with sharp glass
To keep shrill gamins from climbing over and shouting
To disturb the Elite in their highly professional practice;
For beyond the walls, the landscape
Lay parching with niggardly drought,
Sullen, sordid, muffled by monstrous machines,
Except where, scrambling out of the cinders of coal-pits,
Or deep from the city's canyons,
The squealing merry-go-rounds and braying music halls
Blazoned electric midnight and morbid noonday.

The Garden of Song lay in the parching landscape
Well walled and watered, sufficient unto its own,
Till a puff of wind, a wind from the wide horizon,
Blew out of the west
Roughening the well-shorn hedgerows,
Rumbling with low, far thunder.

But the walled-in Elite, absorbed in professional practice,
Did not listen as yet to the murmuring heart of America
Borne on the wind, for their bustling committees were busy
Escorting from over-sea the ever-arriving *Maestros*,
Lodging them in gilded loggias
To inculcate their systems—the illustrious
Basso—Soprano—Tenor—ed—Alto.
So, in meticulous worship,
They pursued undisturbed their highly professional practice,
Till a gust of wind once more, and a cloud of the whirlwind,
Crispened the torpid air,
And the west sky darkened,
And the ominous heart of America
Murmured again more loud,
And the first pelt drops came pattering
Brisk on the pate of the tallest *Maestro*
Who paused in his teaching, to put his professional hat on,
And cried out: "Disciples,
The weather is changing: I think we should raise our umbrellas!"

Then the thunder burst and the pouring tempest
Loosed in the long-parched land a dormant fecundity
Terrible in vigor,
Beautiful with burgeoning desire;
And there came—with a rushing together
Of winds and of whirlwinds—
With a cry of youth—a yearning, articulate,
Harmonious clamor,
Clamor unchained from the song-proud heart of a people—
There came, on a cloud of fire,
A Spirit—a Soul enormous, impassioned, serene,
Chanting aloud from the whirlwind:

"Sing! Sing! Let us sing! For our Lord is Song!
Sing! Let us sing! For the life of the world—
The love which begetteth our life, our Lord is Song!
Our Lord, who leadeth us, is the heart of a child
Which singeth aloud for joy of his being alive,
For joy of his being together with all who live.
Our Lord is He who maketh the desolate places
Musical with rushing of waters, mingling together.

Our Lord is He who shepherdeth all who are lonely,
Yea, as a flock he maketh his millions one.
Sing unto Him! Let us sing! For our Lord is Song!"

Then a hush: and against the fiery heart of the cloud,
The Spirit's shadow shone forth, stretching outward his arms,
Enormous, impassioned, serene:
Cave-man, he loomed, and Christ—stretching outward his arms,
One moment husht—then made his choral sign:

Instant, a sudden sunlight flooded the world;
The pouring tempest was still'd;
Beneath him the walls of the Garden of Song were revealed
Rended, and widened, even unto the hills
Of the wild horizon;
And outward, upward, everywhere from the earth,
Sprang from the cinders of coal-pits,
Gleamed in the canyons of cities,
Bloomed from the niggard, parching places of drought,
Wild flowers—wild flowers!
Varied, unstinted, prolific—
Till even the long-trodden paths, the respectable hedgerows,
The trimmed, exotic shapes of the Garden were tangled
With infinite native blooms
Nested with choiring birds;
And from them—even as a myriad fragrances of sound—
Rose, to the mighty choral sign of the Spirit,
Hearts, hearts of America, chanting in communion:

"Our Lord is He who maketh the desolate places
Musical with rushing of waters, mingling together.
Sing! Sing! Let us sing! For our Lord is Song!"

CONTENTS

INTRODUCTORY

PAGE

Dedication v

Prefaces

I. Harry Barnhart to Percy MacKaye xi

II. Percy MacKaye to Harry Barnhart xiii

Dramatis Personæ xxii

Time and Place xxiii

Ground Plan of Setting xxiv

Elevation View of Setting xxvi

TEXT OF "THE WILL OF SONG"

Prelude 1

ACTION I. "Ourselves". 3

II. "Voices of the World" 8

III. "Hunger and Bread of Life" 12

IV. "No More Will I Be Afraid" 14

V. Spring 17

VI. "O, I Will Chant Me a Happy Prayer". 19

VII. Play 22

VIII. "Bread of Life Has Quickened Me" . 24

IX. Song 27

Finale 28

CONTENTS

PART II

		PAGE
PRELUDE		31
ACTION I.	"WE GROPE APART: WHO SHALL UNITE US?"	33
II.	IMAGINATION	36
III.	"AND GOD SAID: 'LET THERE BE LIGHT'"	37
IV.	"THE CREATION" (PART I)	40
V.	"MINE AND THINE ARE MINGLED IN OURS"	41
VI.	"NEARER TO THEE"	44
VII.	SOUL OF LIGHT	45
VIII.	"AND MAN BECAME A LIVING SOUL"	47
IX.	"THE CREATION" (PARTS II & III)	49
X.	"AND THERE WAS LIGHT"	50
FINALE		52

APPENDIX

MUSICAL PROGRAM AND NOTES 55
BY HARRY BARNHART

SETTING FOR PRODUCTION 60
BY IRVING PICHEL

PROGRAM OF THE ORANGE PRODUCTION 62

PROGRAM OF THE BUFFALO PRODUCTION 67

PREFACES

I: Harry Barnhart to Percy MacKaye

Dear Percy:

When I came to you with my outline and general plans for a two days' spring festival, it was the call of a great thing which had come out of the heart of the people in the Oranges of New Jersey and Buffalo, N. Y., where there has developed a wonderful community festival spirit, highly creative in character, through the constant regular weekly rehearsal and "sings" of the Community Choruses for the past three seasons, the year round, indoors and out of doors.

A true yearning of the people of this kind is always satisfied, and it is the singing of the people, done in the proper way, that calls forth this lofty, creative impulse as nothing else can. This impulse is for an expression of a consciousness already awakened for neighborliness, friendliness, brotherliness, confidence in each other, a lifting of the soul that it may touch the higher spirits, making this consciousness tangible and within the practical grasp of everybody.

The singing of the people seems to get at the soul of things and calls forth their higher will, which gives us the conception of "Soul of Earth," "Soul of Light," "The Will of Song," and those other eternal, metaphysical characters. People love to talk to their own souls because in this way we are led by our higher selves, through the em-

ployment of song and music, dance and play, color and light and all those wonderful things that are within our grasp, to make and develop a new festival of the people. Then it is the yearning of the people that has created it.

The poet, the musician, the leader, the mechanic, the contributor of money, the workers, all become, in this way, such glorified creators!

The people asked the poet to speak, and you in a few days came forth with a great, new creative community drama called "The Will of Song." Within a fortnight in May, it had been produced by the Community Choruses of the Oranges and Buffalo, before great crowds, fifteen hundred people taking part in each place.

Its effect was much like the parable of the loaves and fishes. The multitude came hungry, there was ample for all, and the people went away satisfied with abundance to spare.

The people are tired of arguing about and resurrecting the past. They are eager to chant the new laws of the future, and to sing the songs of a true brotherhood.

In "The Will of Song," I feel that we have accumulated and put into tangible expression, and released to the people, some of the most fundamental principles of the socializing of man. The contribution can well be reckoned with as being of vital importance in determining the quality of the new social order that is fast coming upon us.

It is not for us to feel, or allow others to feel, that we are the inspired artists, but rather to realize that it has been our humble privilege to serve the people, who themselves have been the creators.

Out of long years of humbly serving the people, and inspiring them in song, has come this most beautiful dramatic service through song.

I am grateful for your splendid coöperation, and to all of the Community Choruses, and to those who have had faith in me as a student and leader in this movement.

Your friend and co-worker,

Harry Barnhart.

II: Percy MacKaye to Harry Barnhart

Dear Harry:

Your work and my work have been moving towards one goal, since long before either of us was born. So it is not strange that, after some years of separate groping for each other, you and I should now join hands in a common creative task.

But first there was considerable groping, Harry, and considerable wrestling of the spirit!

Do you remember that night, a year ago last autumn, the little table in a corner of a New York restaurant (in Eighth Street, was it?)—how you and Arthur Farwell and I sat there together into the small hours, and grappled with an elusive Idea?

That Idea—hard to lay hold on with words—rose up amidst us, astral, naked and calm as the ghost of an oriental wrestler, oiled with the oint-

ments of Buddha, and—with thrusts of imperturbable jiu jitsu—kept our combative Yankee intelligences staggered and sprawling apart?

How are art and social service to be reconciled?

How the devil (in Yankee "doxology") can Community Singing be dramatized?

How shall the Hermit Soul of an individual poet give valid, spontaneous expression to the Communal Soul of assembled multitudes?

Can Inspiration be organized and rehearsed?

How may the surging Tides of Man be sluiced in Conduits of Art, without losing their primal glory and momentum?

So, with his ticklish question points, the deft Wrestler dug our metaphysical ribs, and we winced —but with no grimace of laughter then.

No; that night for us there was serious business at hand. For all this soul searching sprang from a serious alternative: Were we three co-workers for a community ideal to join together in a new, imminent adventure, or were we to work apart?

The new adventure was the proposed production of a masque of community singing, "The Evergreen Tree," which I had recently written, and for which Arthur Farwell had just finished composing the music. Each one of us had dedicated himself to serve community song; but Arthur and I were artists who must needs go apart separately (hermits on the country hills, forsooth!) to soliloquize forms of expression for the seething hearts and souls of multitudes, caged chiefly in swarming cities: whereas you, Harry,—you were (and are) an artist so constantly, so intimately in touch with the very well-springs of all community art—the

presence of the people themselves convened for expression—that you, as Chorus Leader, conjuring the inmost spirit of Spontaneity at every moment, have naturally enough seemed to yourself less concerned with evolving processes of an art than with testifying to processes of a miracle.

So it was no wonder—that hour before dawn, as we rose from our little table in the restaurant,—that you wrung our hands and parted with Arthur and me, saying—in the metaphors of affection:

"Get ye behind me, sons of Sathanas! I go my ways: go yours—and a merciful God along with you! Go your way, Arthur Farwell, apart to your composer's study! Go your path, Percy MacKaye, to whatsoever place whence you summon the disciples of Drama and Lighting and Dance and Pageantry, to clothe the Great Unseen of Song in visual symbols. Not for mine! The Great Unseen Itself, with workaday pants and no pedestal — that's good enough for Harry. You're all right, boys, but I'm *right*. So the top o' the morning to you!"

And the morning came up, grayly.

That was about a year and a half ago.

You can imagine, then, how I felt—only a few weeks ago—when I heard the knocker of the little stable-house in East Seventeenth Street bang with brass thunder, heard your voice in the hall and the vigor of your step on the stair, and saw you looming there in my doorway, sharpening your eyes with laughter.

Before you spoke, I felt what had happened: You had joined my path by your own path, not by a cross-cut. The Great Unseen, that held us

both by the hand, had led us—by separate experiences—together.

Your choruses in the Oranges and Buffalo were in need of a dramatic festival, to fulfil their expanding growth of expression in Community Singing.

You brought me a rough outline of ideas for such a festival, born of your experience in common with the singers you were leading. You brought me also your own and the singers' invitation to evolve from your sketch-outline some form of dramatic ritual, appropriate to-day for those spontaneous beginnings of an art of to-morrow.

Would I do it?

Could anything prevent me, my dear Harry!

At the time, I was under very great pressure of other work, but that night I began the "Will of Song." The results, so far as such results can be put in type, are published here: but how can such things, however unpretentious, be printed?

All poetry is meagre apart from the voice that should chant it; the voice that may chant it is meagre devoid of the soul that imagines it. Then how much more so, when this soul is multiple, and not only multiple voices but manifold visualizing must be focused and harmonized through a co-operation which can be conjured only by spell of an inspired leadership like your own!

These considerations are important to more than the reader of this book: they are important to all social workers who may fancy, merely by organizing the outward forms and facilities of community art, that the art itself can thereby be galvanized into being.

You have been always right, Harry, a thousand

times right, in believing (and acting on your belief) that only a primal spontaneity can ever constitute the abiding cornerstone of community art—in song, or drama, or their union. No sounding labels, no superimposed financierings, for "Community Singing," "Community Drama," Community Theatres," can ever be substitutes (may indeed be only obstructions) for those urgings of the people's hearts which cry out for impassioned utterance of their joy and sorrow and beauty.

In these printed pages, then, are concealed, more than revealed (entirely revealed only for those who can participate in remembrance or imagination) those opportunities for the spontaneous outpourings of popular aspiration in song, indicated here in the recurrent, structural portions of this work marked by printed directions to the effect: "Here the people take part in community singing."

In this regard "The Will of Song" is, I believe, the first work in its field to utilize the untrained singing of the people as a structural part of its artistry.

For the first time, also, in this work appears (for the trained participants) an experimental invention which I do not hesitate to believe is the most important modern contribution to communal dramatic art, in its potentiality for future development.

This invention, the Group Person, I had been groping toward in earlier experiments of my masques, but not until I sought to solve the problems inherent in this dramatizing of community song, did its necessity and form stand out clear and apparent.

The necessity was for evolving communal (no longer individual) Dramatis Personæ for communal drama; the form essential to this end was one involving sculptural grouping for the eye, choral chanting for the ear, and scenic position of the resulting Group Person, whence sound and visibility would radiate in all directions to the assembled people, who should be "audience," in the old sense, no longer, but all participating artists.

Here in this work, of course, I have done no more than to contribute this Group Person in its earliest stage of development, wherein this "Dramatic Service" can hardly be said to have passed from ritual into the realm of real drama.

At its first performance in Orange, New Jersey, Irving Pichel—that most gaily serene and resourceful genius of all work—directed the scenic production, acted the part of *Will*, and rehearsed the chanters of the Group Persons; and Robert Edmond Jones, who had designed the gleaming oilcloth costumes for their overhead lighting, was present with me among the gathered people. At the end, as we parted in the crowd, I questioned him: "Well, Bobby?" And he nodded enthusiastically: "All right!—Crude now, of course, but a splendid beginning. By all means the most important experiment so far, for our theatre that's coming."

Ages ago, in Greece, when Æschylus first evolved his Dramatis Personæ from choral dancers, he evolved individual actors, and from those beginnings there has developed, by increasing stages, from those communal beginnings, the drama of Individualism through centuries down to Ibsen and our time.

Now, in the world revolution of our own age, when ages of Individualism appear to be molten in the furnace of a new evolving order, the beginnings of a fresh communal art are apparent in the living growth of "Community Singing," which everywhere amongst us is bursting into flower.

And now, from community singing, as it ripens slowly into dramatic forms, I seem to see—in this evolving form of the Group Person—the beginnings of a new Drama, which will develop from its communal elements—not such individual forms as first sprang from the experiment of Æschylus, but communal forms (appropriate to those communal elements) as infinitely varied and changing as the magic crystal shapes that combine and coalesce in a child's kaleidoscope. And these geometric group-forms, which shall take on prismatic fires of color for the eye, shall be choral with fugues of chanted poetry for the ear.

Already the tested chanting of the Group Persons in the productions of "The Will of Song" at the Oranges and Buffalo has led to plans of ours for a proposed new experiment in connection with your "Sings" in Central Park, New York, this summer. There thousands of people will gather weekly to sing out of doors at night under your leadership, as in former seasons they have taken part in the "Song and Light" festivals devised by you and Claude Bragdon.

Now the time appears ripe to test there—on a large, informal, outdoor scale—the chanting of poetry by the people in choral speech, as a further development of group-expression related to their choral singing.

By such means, opportunity may be given for the people and the poets to come into direct dynamic touch, with no mediation of the printed page, and so test and develop their mutual relationship: —To the poet may be revealed new criteria of his own powers, by the need for composing "chanties" (in a new, community land-sense of that old sea-word) which may fulfil, through rhythmic speech, such simple needs of the heart as "My Old Kentucky Home" and "Old Black Joe" fulfil through song.—To the people may be revealed an unaccustomed sense that the poet is, after all, no recluse of the library, but the boon-comrade and interpreter of their own festival hours of outdoor liberation.

The "Canticles" of Witter Bynner, which were chanted under his direction in the Greek Theatre at Berkeley, California, are beautiful precedents in this field.

The chants by the people of Walt Whitman's poems, with which we are hoping to inaugurate your "Community Sings" in Central Park this summer, may well prove to be the most significant tribute, in his centenary year, to our country's prophet, who wrote half a century ago: "I hear America singing."

These great and real potentialities deserve great critics to detect and illumine them for the people. But where shall we find great critics in this community field?

Sensitive minds and hearts, alive to these prophetic meanings—yes, those you have found in the membership of your choruses, and I have found among very humble participants in my masques.

Yet what they sense so surely they are seldom able to express coherently.

Will it sometime be otherwise? And from those thousands, who are now taking part in *creating* community art, will ere long its valid critics arise and interpret its lovely parables to the multitude?

However this may be (and I believe it *will* be) that was a happy day for the people of our country when you, some years ago, made it your will, and set aside all personal considerations to the end, that America should become a singing nation. Since then, thousands of anonymous disciples and co-workers have spread fire from the torch your will kindled, till now Singing rises like a conflagration from all these States, and sweeps beyond them overseas.

The question now is no longer whether our masses shall become vocal in song, but whether our mass singing itself shall become choral with deeper harmonies of the spirit, and so move onward to the attainment of organic freedom through nobler structures of art.

In this larger adventure you still are prophet and pioneer; and I count it a very happy privilege to be your team-fellow in our present task of making a modest start.

For the privilege is one larger even than large personal friendship, as I have sought to suggest in some lines—which I wrote for you, two years ago —placed now at the front of this book, in dedication both to you and to our common goal.

Yours always,

New York: 12 June, 1919.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

PART I

"SOUL OF EARTH"

INDIVIDUAL PERSONS

WILL, *Chanter*
SOUL OF EARTH, *Mute Presence*
SPRING, *Dancer*
PLAY, *Dancer*
SONG, *Singer*

GROUP PERSONS

LOVE
CHANTERS: MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
JOY
CHANTERS: MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN
LIBERTY
CHANTERS: MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

PARTICIPATING GROUPS

CHILD-EMISSARIES (OF SOUL OF EARTH)
CHILDREN OF EARTH (THE CHORUS)
PEOPLES OF EARTH (BY NATIONALITIES)
SPIRITS OF SPRING (IN DANCE)
SPIRITS OF PLAY (IN DANCE)
SPIRITS OF SONG (IN PROCESSIONAL)

PART II

"SOUL OF LIGHT"

INDIVIDUAL PERSONS

WILL, *Chanter*
SOUL OF LIGHT, *Mute Presence*
IMAGINATION, *Dancer*

IN HAYDN'S "CREATION"

GABRIEL
URIEL
RAPHAEL
ADAM
EVE

GROUP PERSON

BROTHERHOOD
CHANTERS: MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

PARTICIPATING GROUPS

CHILDREN OF LIGHT (THE CHORUS)
SPIRITS OF IMAGINATION (IN DANCE)

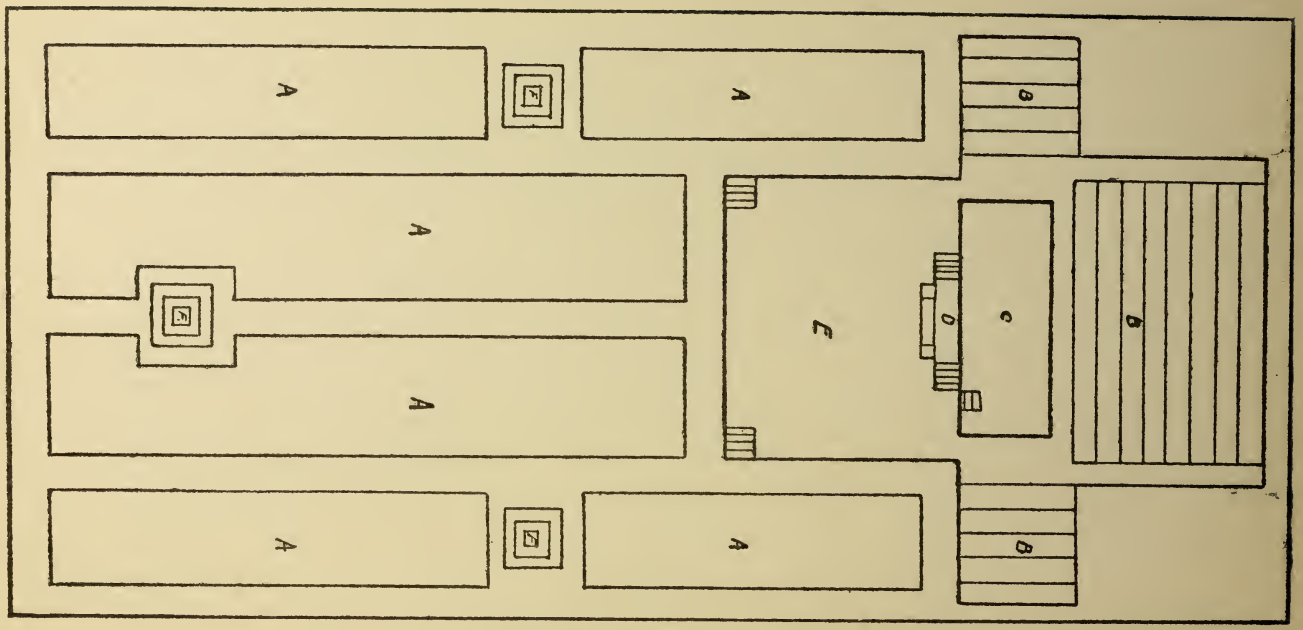
TIME AND PLACE

The Time is that of any community singing of the people, gathered together at night.

The Place is the assembly place of such singing, out of doors or indoors, though this Service was devised primarily for use indoors, as it was written for the direct demands of the Community Choruses of Orange, N. J., and Buffalo, N. Y., assembled in Armories of those cities.

Accordingly, the setting should be arranged in the manner indicated by Mr. Irving Pichel, in his note on "Setting for Production" in the Appendix of this volume.

In this setting, the trained Community Chorus —in simple overslip costumes of bronze-green (for Part I), or blue (for Part II)—are seated on their raised Arc of Seats in full view (when the light is on them), forming a background of color for the plastic figures and dancers on the stage.



THE WILL OF SONG

GROUND PLAN OF AUDITORIUM, STAGE, AND CHORUS.

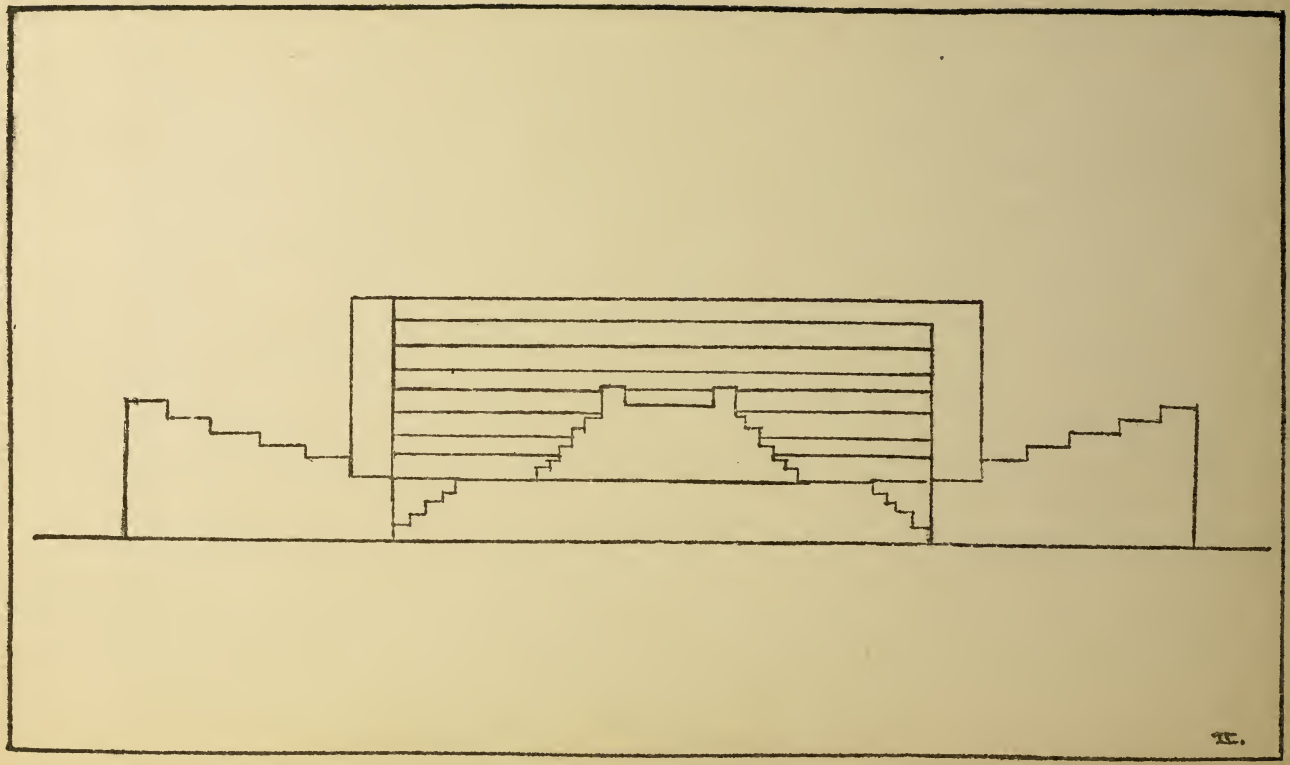
A—Seating for Audience
B—Raised Tiers of Seats for Chorus
C—Orchestra Pit
D—Central Seat of *Will*
E—Stage
F—Platforms for Group Persons

THE WILL OF SONG

PART I
SOUL OF EARTH

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC

No performance of this work may be given without first obtaining permission to do so. Those desiring to obtain such permission should communicate with the Director of "The Will of Song," New York Community Chorus, 130 East 22d Street, New York City.



Elevation Plan of Stage and Chorus.

SOUL OF EARTH

Prelude

THE festival begins with a usual "Community Sing."

The People of the Community, but not yet the Trained Chorus, are assembled and seated.

Appearing and standing by the Central Seat, the LEADER OF THE CHORUS leads the People in singing "America," and other familiar songs.

So for several minutes they continue to sing together.

First Action

("Ourselves")

As the final song of the Prelude ceases, the assembly hall grows suddenly dark, and the Darkness is filled with fanfare of blowing Trumpets. And now, taking up the trumpets' refrain, the Orchestra plays an elemental music, suggestive of rain, wind, thunder and the rushing of waters; from behind the raised Central Seat, great Flashes of Fire spout upward, and while they are flaring, there rises—in the place where the Chorus leader was standing—a FLAME-GOLD FIGURE in a cone of light, who calls with deep, vibrant voice:

THE FIGURE

Who has risen up from the heart of the people?

(Instantaneous, from three portions of the assembly—at left, right and back center—the VOICES OF THREE GROUPS Men, Women and Children—answer from the dark in triple unison.)

THE VOICES

I!

THE FIGURE

And who are ye that cry out with one answer?

THE VOICES

(Together, as before)

You!

THE FIGURE

And who am I that am risen of your asking?

THE VOICES

Ourselves!

THE FIGURE

Ourselves, the people: ourselves, the soul of tempest,
The center of silence, the seed of flame in the ashes,
Ourselves, the will of the world, are risen in Song—
In Song and the chanting Word.

THE VOICES

Sing to us, Spirit!

WILL

Out of yourselves I sing.

THE VOICES

Strengthen us, we pray!

WILL

Only in that prayer I am strong, and out of your weakness
I am risen to serve you in strength. For you were dumb,

And I was your oracle; for you were blind,
And I was your torch of vision; for you were buried
Even as the dead entombed, but I—your seraph—
I rolled back the stone from the door of your breast,
and you
Went forth to morning and to resurrection. Yea,
Even we ourselves went forth, for you, the dumb
And blind, rebelled from your own darkness,
And we went forth together.

THE VOICES

Together, Spirit,
Lead us in light!

WILL

I am the Door of Light.

THE VOICES

Lead us in song!

WILL

I am the Will of Song.

THE VOICES

Teach us thy law!

WILL

Only the loving can learn it,
And only the meek administer. Mine is the law
No tablet of stone can record, nor hand of steel enforce.

For the words of my law are written as on tablets of wax,
As a child's warm breath on the cold window-pane,
For so shall their beauty endure, like the splendor of frost
Commingling with frostbeam and sunlight and rainbow forever.

THE VOICES

FROM THE LEFT

But the frost melts.

FROM THE RIGHT

Breath fades away.

FROM THE CENTER

How shall the changing endure?

WILL

The unchanging is death. My law is the rhythm of life,
The communion of change. For of us they only shall live
Who are born again, and we who are born of Song
Inherit eternal life. On rhythmic tides
Surging eternal choral harmonies,
With pillars of choiring hymn and fugue, we build
Our temple of the Covenant of Peace.

THE VOICES

(All, together)

Peace!—Peace!—O where is Peace on Earth?

WILL

Peace lives
Not on the iron shell, but in the soul—
In Soul of Earth, mother of immortal change.
Her pulsing heart is Peace. She only can
Communicate the common life of all
That nurtures Love and Joy and Liberty.

THE VOICES

Reveal her! Call her!

WILL

Soul of Earth, arise!

Second Action

("Voices of the World")

BELOW the Figure of WILL, at the foot of the raised Central Seat, rises now from beneath—to Orchestral Music—SOUL OF EARTH, a noble female form, majestically maternal, clad in headdress and robe of bronze-green and golden-brown and coppery gold.

Beside her nestle THREE CHILDREN, her Emissary Spirits.

Standing at center, by a gesture she sends them forth from her. To right, left and back, they dart away and come returning with hundreds more—groups of the CHILDREN OF EARTH, clothed severally in the colors of Soul of Earth. These Groups, comprising the entire Trained Chorus (except those who enter, with Song, in the Ninth Action), pass upward to the raised Arc of Seats, where they take their permanent places.

Now, when they are gathered, suddenly—flaming out of the midst of the seated Spectators, at points of a great Triangle, left, center and right—appear, for the first time, the three GROUP-PERSONS—LOVE, JOY and LIBERTY—whose Voices till now have called from the darkness.

Now—like waves of color rising from the dusk level of seated People—they appear momentarily: Love, at left—a living pyre of Figures, all in glowing bronze; Joy, at right—all of silver; Liberty, at center—all of

gold; the APEX-FIGURE of each bearing the distinctive SYMBOL of the Group-Person.

Together—with mingled voices of MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN—the Three call aloud from the People, in chanting unison.

THE THREE GROUP-PERSONS

Soul of Earth, Soul of Earth, hail!
We are the yearnings of Man.
Out of the dark we rise, we call!
Soul of Earth, Soul of Earth, hear us!

WILL

Silent is Soul of Earth,
Yet heareth all things;
Mute are her lips,
But mine utter the cry of her silence.

THE THREE

What is the cry of her silence?

WILL

Out of all sundered lands,
Out of all wastes of pain,
This is her cry—the cry of her dumbness:
Peoples,—my peoples,—peace!
Come to me, O my peoples, and be one!

(The blowing of muffled BUGLES is heard, followed by the low hoarse murmuring of many VOICES.
During this, SOUL OF EARTH takes her place on the low central dais—a seated Figure, pensive in shadowed relief against the

pedestal on which—by the Central Seat—WILL is standing above her.
Beside her, on the ground, the three Child-Emissaries are grouped.
And now—revealed or concealed as they speak or are silent—successively the THREE GROUP-PERSONS chant, in unison, one to another.)

LIBERTY

(At center)

Hearken, Love! What murmurs are rising?

LOVE

(At left)

Voices of the World! Joy, do you hear them?

JOY

(At right)

I hear them!

LIBERTY

What name are they calling?

JOY

Your own!

Liberty! Liberty! Liberty!—Answer!

LIBERTY

Together let us call them.

LOVE, JOY AND LIBERTY

(Together)

Peoples of All-lands,
Soul of Earth summons you!

WILL

Peoples of Earth,
Come together!

Third Action

("Hunger and Bread of Life")

AMID Murmur of their own Voices, the PEOPLES OF EARTH, in costumes of many Nationalities, now enter in Groups the place of the stage.

Each Group utters aloud one word—the word *Liberty* in its own language. In pantomime, the Groups show toward one another their mutual fear, wonder, or suspicion, and begin to fall into panic.

LIBERTY

My name they speak;
Yet are they troubled.

WILL

Many tongues they speak,
But share no common understanding;
Assembled, yet are they sundered.

LOVE

I am afraid for them.

LIBERTY

Their hearts are breaking.

JOY

Have they no bond in common?

WILL

Be not afraid.
One simple bond they share—one common hunger
Which Soul of Earth shall satisfy;
For breaking hearts are healed with broken bread
When soul is the sharer.—Peace to you, O my Peoples!
Receive from Soul of Earth your daily bread,
And you, all Children of Earth, sing—sing as one!

By her gesture, SOUL OF EARTH sends forth again her CHILD-EMISSARIES, who fetch Baskets of Bread and distribute them among the PEOPLES OF EARTH.

These break of the bread, sharing it, and—expressing by their pantomime a new, happy understanding in common—group themselves at right and left, on the raised platforms of the stage.

During this, at the words of WILL ["Sing! Sing as one!"]

ALL THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE

have burst into

COMMUNITY SINGING

[led by the Chorus Leader, from his lower leading stand, at center] and have joined together in the hymn:

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord."

Fourth Action

("No more will I be afraid")

AS their singing ceases, Will raises his voice again in chanting speech.

WILL

Peoples of Earth, now has the first foundation
Been laid for our temple! Now have we mortised together—
Of bread and song—the cornerstone of our Peace:
For bread of life is the beginning of brotherhood,
And sharing of bread commences the communion of Song.
Who, then, of us all, shall give pledge to Soul of Earth
To build—upon this beginning—a new world?

LOVE

Soul of Earth—Soul of Earth—I!

JOY

And I!

LIBERTY

Yea, and I!

WILL

Hail Love, and Joy, and Liberty—you three!
Soul of Earth hears and welcomes you with my will.
Speak, Love!—What is your vow to Soul of Earth?

LOVE

No more will I be afraid, — *All*
O, nevermore will I fear!

WILL

What will you fear no more?

LOVE

The new world to be born, — *Symbol-Bearer (Woman)*
The birth of the life to be— — *Women*
Now will I fear no more. — *All*

WILL

But how shall that world be born?

LOVE

In pain and the winter's waste, — *Symbol-Bearer*
Out of the darkness' womb; — *Women*
Yet will I not be afraid! — *Children*

Men Though I hear the roar of glaciers moaning,
The burst of ice-chains, and the awful
Wind of the avalanche—

Children *Yet no more will I be afraid,*

Men *O, nevermore will I fear.*

WILL

But why has your fear departed?

LOVE

Symbol-Bearer I have touched my lips to the bread of life,

Men I have bowed my soul to thy will, O Song,

Symbol-Bearer And thine is the law of rhythmic life,

Women And thy law henceforth is my law,

All And our law shall give the new world birth,

Children *Therefore will I not be afraid,*

All *O, nevermore will I fear:*

Men For mine is the moaning in darkness,

Women Mine—mine is the bursting of chains,

Children And Spring—Spring—Spring—Spring—

All Spring of the world—is mine!

WILL

Spring of the world, appear!

FIFTH ACTION

(Spring)

FROM beside SOUL OF EARTH, the FIRST CHILD-EMISSARY starts momentarily away toward the left entrance, and ushers there the gold-green form of SPRING, who comes forward in the midst of her attendant DANCING SPIRITS, as WILL calls again, from his high place:

WILL

Spring, you have heard the call of Love.
You are her pledge of Peace to Soul of Earth,
Of Peace, that comes on wings of homing birds
To fill all hearts with song—as we sing now!

(While now the SPIRITS OF SPRING take their places by SOUL OF EARTH,

ALL THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE

raise their voices in

COMMUNITY SINGING,

led by the Chorus Leader.

At conclusion of their singing, WILL speaks again.)

WILL

Now, Spring, let these your fairy pupils' feet
Be rhythmic to my will,

And you, all Spirits of Earth and Spring, let gush
The fountains of your voices to their footfalls.

(In response, SPRING assembles her Group of DANCING SPIRITS at center, where—before the seated form of SOUL OF EARTH—they perform a

DANCE

in rhythm to the Trained Voices of the Costumed Chorus, who break now into song from their Arc of Seats in the background.

At ceasing of this CHORAL DANCE AND SONG, SPRING and her DANCERS retire to the stage background and group themselves there in gracious postures of quiet.)

SIXTH ACTION

("O, I will chant me a happy prayer")

RISING, WILL stands a moment in silence, then speaks wonderingly.

WILL

A sound—a sound, far off!

(Beginning very low—in darkness, which changes gradually through dimness to glowing radiance—the GROUP-PERSON JOY quivers with light and sound.)

Deep down—I hear it—a murmur:

(He listens again; the MURMURING grows more distinct.)

Up—up, from dusk of my heart,
A silvery sound, I see it rising—
Joy, joy of my people!

(The murmurous Sound is now audible as the CLAPPING OF HANDS, where—wavelike, out of the people—the GROUP-PERSON JOY glows and pulses with its rays of outreached arms, striking the palms of its hands in measure to the rhythmic chant of its multiple voice.)

JOY

Symbol-Bearer O, I will chant me a happy prayer:

Children *Clap, clap, hands of my heart!*

Symbol-Bearer O, I will be glad that earth is so fair;

Children *Clap, clap, palms of my joy!*

Men & Women That the Peoples of Earth have broken
Their sharèd bread while they sing,
And the Children of Earth have danced in token
Of Spring, the wonder of Spring—

Children *Clap, clap, palms of my joy,*

All *Hands, hands of my heart!*

WILL

Joy, my Joy, is it you?

JOY

All 'Tis you and I—you and I.

WILL

And what is your pledge, my Joy,—
Your pledge to Soul of Earth?

JOY

Symbol-Bearer The pledge of joy is prayer,
And the hands I clasp in praying

Children I clap, clap, clap in the air

All To the rhythm my heart is obeying.

WILL

But why have you risen, like a wave
From the sea of my people's sorrows?

JOY

I am the life from below the grave, — *Symbol-Bearer*
The to-day of all to-morrows. — *All*

WILL

And what is the pledge of peace
You bring to a world new born?

JOY

I start where the dead worlds cease, — *Symbol-Bearer*
I flower in the mildewed corn. — *Women*
And this is the pledge of peace I bring: — *Symbol-Bearer*
Clap, clap, hands of my heart! — *Children*
That the prayer of joy is in everything; — *Men & Women*
Clap, clap, palms of my joy! — *Children*
And the sundered hearts that labor — *Symbol-Bearer*
And weary of workaday — *Men*
Are joined anew with neighbor and neighbor — *Women*
In play—the wonder of play: — *All*
Clap, clap, palms of my joy, — *Children*
Hands, hands of my heart! — *All*

WILL

Clap, clap, O Children of Earth,
Till Play to Joy shall come forth!

SEVENTH ACTION

(Play)

AT the words of WILL, all the CHORUS from their Arc of Seats break into CLAPPING OF HANDS, while SOUL OF EARTH, rising, sends forth her SECOND CHILD-EMISSARY, who runs to the entrance and ushers there the joyous Figure of PLAY, attended by her DANCE SPIRITS.
With their appearance, WILL calls again:

Sing, sing, O my People,
For Play has come forth unto Joy!

(And now, as the Clapping ceases,

ALL THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE

join in

COMMUNITY SINGING,

led by the Chorus Leader.

Then, as the Community Singing concludes, WILL calls to those in the Arc of the Chorus.)

WILL

And now, you Spirits of Earth and Spring and Play!
Tune all your throats to music-fluting reeds
That Play may dance thereto her plastic games
To pleasure Soul of Earth.

At this, PLAY and her DANCING GROUP, at center, perform their

DANCE

to accompaniment of the CHORAL VOICES, singing from the Arc of the Chorus.

Concluding, the Dancers join the group of SPRING and her Spirits in the background, as WILL rises from his place and speaks once more.

Eighth Action

("Bread of life has quickened me")

WHILE he speaks, distant Trumpets are heard pealing as from underground, followed by faint sound of Voices in Choral Song.

WILL

What bugles call? What muffled pealings rise
Like Roman candles through the muted dark
And melt in stars of morning? Ah, what voice
Strikes upward like a golden spearhead flaming
In the forges of sunrise?

LIBERTY

(Flaming in sudden gold, flashing with motion of multiple arms outreached in the Clashing of Cymbals, cries aloud:)

All Liberty! Liberty!—Mine!

Women Mine are the voices of bugles!

Children Mine are the stars of morning!

Men The forges of sunrise—mine!

WILL

And what do your voices avow
As pledges to Soul of Earth?

LIBERTY

(Chanting to refrain of clashing Cymbals)

Soul of Earth has girded me! — *Symbol-Bearer (Man)*

Clash!—Clash!
Arms, O arms of my Soul! — *Women & Children*

Newly armed am I Liberty: — *Symbol-Bearer*

Clang, O clang, my will! — *Men*

For Spring now raiseth my spear, — *Women*

Play beareth my sword, — *Children*

Song, Song, Song is my shield, — *Men*

And Will of Song is my lord. — *All*

(Once more faint strains of CHORAL SINGING are heard rising.)

WILL

What, then, for the new-born world
Is your pledge of Peace to Earth?

LIBERTY

Bread of life has quickened me! — *Symbol-Bearer (Man)*

Beat!—Beat!
Life, O life of my heart! — *Women & Children*

Threefold now am I Liberty: — *Symbol-Bearer*

Climb, O climb, my will! — *Men*

For Love is my battle goal, — *Women*

Joy maketh me strong, — *Children*

Men Song, Song is my beating heart,

All And the heart of Peace is Song.

WILL

(Speaks through the uprising sound of Choral Voices)

Hearken, O Soul of Earth, and lift your eyes!
Song is your pledge from Liberty; and now
Song, Song reveals herself to serve you. See
Where she is coming,
And leads her unseen choirs grown visible!

Ninth Action

(Song)

LOUDER, now, and more loud grow the Choral Voices, till soon—far down the aisle—SONG and Her Spirits appear singing, and march to rhythm of their voices toward the stage, where Soul of Earth comes forward at the center and welcomes them, as they ascend. There they kneel grouped before her, concluding their song.

Rising at her gesture, they break into a new hymning and group themselves on the stage.

When now they have concluded their singing, Will turns and speaks to the Chorus and to All the Assembled People.

WILL

O Children of Earth, Children of Song, my people!
The order of the stars is rhythmic change.
Brief are our lives; immortal is our life—
Our life in common, where all selves commingle;
So we in chorus are a constellation
That guides our world to order and to peace.
Dark is our world; but Soul of Earth shall lead us
Toward Soul of Light, and bread toward brotherhood.
Tomorrow Brotherhood shall clasp our hands
And Soul of Light shall lead us.—Children, sing!

Finale

A MOMENT of Darkness falls.
From the darkness, BUGLES are blown.
In the returning light, Will and Soul of Earth are no longer visible, but in the place of Will the CHORUS LEADER, in costume of the Chorus, stands with raised baton and calls:

THE CHORUS LEADER

Sing, Children, all!

(So, as he leads the entire Assemblage in

COMMUNITY SINGING,

the Trained Choral Singers disperse in ordered march from their seats in the Arc, while the risen People stand singing the final Anthem.)

END OF PART I

PART II
SOUL OF LIGHT

SOUL OF LIGHT

Prelude

IN the Arc of raised Seats, the members of the Community Chorus have assembled in the dimness.

In the main body of the assembly hall, the People of the Community are gathered and seated in full light.

There the CHORUS LEADER, appearing at the raised central seat, leads them in singing:

"Joy to the World"

First Action

("We grope apart: who shall unite us?")

As the Community Singing ceases, sudden Darkness* fills the assembly hall, from three portions of which, where the People are seated, out of the dark, three chiming Bells resound—one deep, one mezzo, and one high-pealing in tone.

And now the Chimes are taken up by the Orchestra, which plays music of a starry solemnity. Through these strains of music, the three Chimes sound again from the Darkness, and with them the chanting VOICES of Men, Women and Children calling in Choral Speech:

THE VOICES

Soul of Light!—Soul of Light!—Soul of Light!

(In response to these Voices, the Orchestra plays brief strains of the elemental Music which commenced Part I, and Flashes of Fire leap upward from behind the raised central Seat, while the VOICE OF WILL resounds.)

THE VOICE OF WILL

Who are you that call upon Soul of Light?

* During this darkness members of the Community Chorus slip on their simple over-garments of blue, which were placed on the back of their seats at the beginning.

THE VOICES

(All, together)

Dreamers in darkness: seekers of vision.

FROM THE LEFT

(Women)

I am Love.

FROM THE RIGHT

(Children)

I am Joy.

FROM THE CENTER

(Men)

I am Liberty.

VOICE OF WILL

(As the flashes of fire continue)

What do you seek of her light?

THE VOICES

The Way!—The Way!

VOICE OF WILL

The Way unto where?

THE VOICES

Unto each other: The Way Together.
We grope apart. Who shall unite us?

VOICE OF WILL

Imagination!

THE VOICES

How shall Imagination bring us together?

VOICE OF WILL

Only through her is Soul of Light revealed,
And Soul of Light revealeth Brotherhood.

THE VOICES

Brotherhood is our goal;
But how may Imagination be invoked?

VOICE OF WILL

I am the Will of Song, and I invoke her.—
Imagination, appear!

Second Action
(Imagination)

At this call, IMAGINATION—an ethereal, Dancing Form—appears, to Orchestral Music, in mystic light, at the center of the stage, while once more, to their Chimes, the Voices chant from the dark.

THE VOICES

Hail—Hail—Hail,
Imagination!

(And now, through the Flames behind the Central Seat, WILL rises in gold, and is greeted by the Voices:)

Hail, O Will of our wills!

WILL

Spirit, you who unite
Dreamers in darkness:
Dancer, whose motion is music,
Whose voice is vision,
Whose silence is the rhythm of song,—
Imagination!
Invoke now, in motion and music
And vision—for these now in darkness—
Soul of Light!

(In response to this appeal, IMAGINATION performs now, to Orchestral Music, in

SOLO DANCE

her Invocation of Soul of Light.)

Third Action

("And God said: *Let there be light!*")

AT the culmination of her Dance, in the apex of a Triangle of Radiance, SOUL OF LIGHT appears at highest center of the dim Arc of the Chorus.

Below her are grouped URIEL, RAPHAEL and GABRIEL: Uriel at the middle, Raphael and Gabriel in the right and left corners of the white Triangle of Light.

Simultaneously, Imagination retires (to the place of Soul of Earth in Part I) below Will—a plastic Figure silhouetted against his pedestal—while Will speaks.

WILL

Soul of Light, lead us!

THE VOICES

Soul of Light! Soul of Light!—Lead us!

WILL

And you, ye Spirits which are
The raiment of her radiance: you Three,
Which are for Soul of Earth—Spring, Play and Song,
For Soul of Light—Uriel, Gabriel, Raphael!
Gather your viewless Choirs and reveal,

To those who wait in darkness, how of old
The light that lives in you first had creation.

RAPHAEL

(Chants in rhythmic speech: solo)

"In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth;
And the earth was without form and void;
And darkness was upon the face of the deep."

RAPHAEL, URIEL AND GABRIEL

(Chant, likewise, together)

"And the spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.
And God said, 'Let there be light':
And there was light."

URIEL

(Chants, solo)

"And God saw the light, that it was good:
And God divided the light from the darkness."

RAPHAEL, URIEL AND GABRIEL

(Chant, together)

"A new-created world springs up at God's command."

GABRIEL

(Chants, solo)

"The marvelous work behold amazed
The glorious hierarchy of heaven."

RAPHAEL, URIEL AND GABRIEL

(Chant, together)

"The heavens are telling the glory of God;
The wonder of his work displays the firmament."

(In sudden illumination, the full Arc of the Chorus bursts into LIGHT, revealing the CHORUS, clad as THE CHILDREN OF LIGHT, in their garments of BLUE, while they chant in Choral Speech.)

ALL THE CHORUS

For God said, "Let there be light":—
And there was light!

Fourth Action

("The Creation": Part I)

CONCLUDING these words of Chanted Speech, the CHORUS begins now to *sing*

HAYDN'S "CREATION,"

commencing with the Solo of Raphael

"In the beginning God created the Heaven"

and concluding with the Final Chorus of Part I:

"The Heavens are telling the glory of God."

Fifth Action

("Mine and Thine are mingled in Ours")

AT the climax of this Music of "The Creation," as the Chorus of Voices are ceasing, CHIMES resound from the center of the Assembled People, where the three GROUP-PERSONS, conjoined now AS ONE, rise in a single Pyre of Bronze and Silver and Gold, calling in Chanted Speech:

THE GROUP-PERSON
(Brotherhood)

Soul of Light! Soul of Light! *Symbol-Bearer (Man)*

In song, in song you have shown us the way! *All*

RAPHAEL, URIEL AND GABRIEL
(Chant, together)

Hail, Brotherhood!

ALL THE CHORUS
(Chant)

Brotherhood, hail!

BROTHERHOOD

(Chants, to the pealing of Chimes)

Symbol-Bearer (Man) Soul of Light has released our powers:

Women *Chime! Peal in your chiming,*

Children *Bells, O bells, bells,*

All *Bells of light in the darkness!*

Symbol-Bearer Mine and Thine are mingled in Ours!

Men *Ring, ring, together,*

All *Liberty, Love, and Joy!*

Women Now unto one another,
All in all, we belong:

Men Brother unto Brother,
Brother unto Brother,

Children Children of Light,
Chiming together

All Bells of light and of song!

ALL THE CHORUS

(Chant)

Hail, Brotherhood!

(They disappear into dimness)

RAPHAEL, URIEL AND GABRIEL

Brotherhood, hail!

(They, too, with SOUL OF LIGHT, disappear in DARKNESS.)

BROTHERHOOD

Where, O where, are you vanished,—
Soul who mingled us all?

WILL

(Rising)

The rhythms of dark have banished
Her Choirs beyond our call.

BROTHERHOOD

(Growing dim)

But her shining showed us the way
To a new created world.

WILL

By the law we all must obey
Her banners of song are furled.

BROTHERHOOD

(Pulsing ever more dimly)

Ah me! Ah me, for Soul of Light!
How shall we call and revere her?

WILL

Sing! Let us sing! All through our night
The dawn of her soul grows nearer.

Sixth Action

("Nearer to Thee")

FAINTLY, Orchestral Music begins to play, and

ALL THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE

join now in

COMMUNITY SINGING

of the hymn

"Nearer My God to Thee."

Seventh Action

(Soul of Light)

DURING the last of this Community Singing, the Group-Person BROTHERHOOD glows again into sight and calls aloud to the Figure of Will.

BROTHERHOOD

Will of Song! Will of our song!
Where dwelleth Soul of Light?

WILL

In the soul of Man.

BROTHERHOOD

How may we invoke her there?

WILL

By Imagination. She once more
Shall reveal her. Rise, now: move before us
Once more,—Imagination!

(Rising from her place at the pedestal of Will, IMAGINATION comes forward in mysterious lighting, as Will greets her.)

And now, with all your plastic Spirits, summon
Once more in revelation—Soul of Light!

(At these words of WILL, the SPIRITS OF IMAGINATION appear from all sides and, under her leadership, perform their

CHORAL DANCE,

at the culmination of which SOUL OF LIGHT appears once more.

Eighth Action

("And Man became a living soul")

As Soul of Light reappears, high at the apex of her Glowing Triangle, in which URIEL, ADAM and EVE are grouped below her, Will speaks:

WILL

Soul of Light!—Lead us still!

BROTHERHOOD

Soul of Light! Soul of Light!—Lead us!

WILL

And you, ye Spirits which are
The body of her being,—Uriel,
Adam and Eve! Reveal how your own splendor,
That quickens man to brotherhood, first sprang
From God, and Man became a living Soul.

URIEL

(Chants in rhythmic speech: solo)

"And God created Man in His own image.
He breathèd into his nostrils the breath of life,
And Man became a living Soul."

URIEL, ADAM AND EVE

(Chant, likewise, together)

"Achievèd is the glorious work;
Our song let be the praise of God."

ADAM

(Chants, solo)

"Ye mighty elements, by His power
Your ceaseless changes make;
Ye dusky mists, and dewy steams,
That rise and fall through the air—"

URIEL, ADAM AND EVE

(Chant, together)

"Resound the praise of God, our Lord!"

EVE

(Chants, solo)

"Ye purling fountains, tune His praise,
And wave your tops, ye pines.
Ye plants, exhale, ye flowers, breathe
To him your balmy scent."

URIEL, ADAM AND EVE

(Chant, together)

"Hail, bounteous Lord! Almighty, hail!
Thy world called forth this wondrous frame.
The heavens and earth Thy power adore."

ALL THE CHORUS

(Bursting from the dark into LIGHT, chant aloud)

"The heavens and earth Thy power adore:
We praise Thee now and evermore!"

Ninth Action

("The Creation": Parts II and III)

CONCLUDING these Chanted Words, the Chorus —visible in their Costumes of Blue in the full Arc of raised seats—*sings* now once more

HAYDN'S "CREATION,"

beginning with Part II and continuing, with certain omissions, through the final chorus:

"Jehovah's praise forever shall endure. Amen."

Tenth Action

("And there was light!")

WITH this final "Amen," the entire Chorus disappears in Darkness.

Out of the Dark sounds again the CHIMING OF BELLS.

And now, shining visible once more, BROTHERHOOD calls aloud from the midst of the People.

BROTHERHOOD

Symbol-Bearer Adam! Adam! O Man, our brother!

Women *Chime! Peal in your chiming,*

Children *Bells, O bells, bells,*

All *Bells of light in the darkness!*

Symbol-Bearer Eve! Eve! Woman, our mother!

Men *Ring, ring, together*

All *Liberty, Love and Joy!*

Men Now from old chaos and pain
Rises in song the New Creation;

Women Now in Imagination
Shines the First Day again;

Symbol-Bearer Now, as in the beginning,

Peal, peal evermore — *Women*

Chimes, chimes, — *Children*

Chimes of the New Creation! — *All*

(From behind the pedestal of WILL, Fire flashes up, and WILL, rising, calls:)

WILL

"For God said, 'Let there be light!'"

WILL disappears.
The Fire still flashes upward.
From the dimness of their Arc of Seats,

ALL THE CHORUS

SING, very low:

"For God said, 'Let there be light!'

(Then, with bursting crescendo of sound and radiance)

And there was light!"

FINALE

INSTANTLY, the entire hall is brilliantly illumined, discovering in the place of WILL—the CHORUS LEADER, who cries aloud, with raised baton:

THE CHORUS LEADER

"And there was light!"
Sing,—Children of Light!

In response, ALL THE ASSEMBLED PEOPLE rise; and while the COSTUMED CHORUS retire marching in song from their places, ALL stand and join in singing the final

COMMUNITY HYMN

END OF PART II

APPENDIX

MUSICAL PROGRAM AND NOTES

By Harry Barnhart

One of the most trying questions the Community Chorus Movement has had to face is that of finding the kind and quality of music and poetry to be used.

Eight hundred or a thousand people meeting regularly every week for forty or more weeks a year soon taxes the qualities and powers of a leader, and puts the music and poetry at hand to a peculiar and trying test.

It is for this reason that, as I have turned to Percy MacKaye for his work as dramatic poet, I turn also for cooperation to Arthur Farwell as composer, and to all others who have, like them, social vision in their poetry and music; for it is only by welcoming fresh creative work, developed in close touch with the people, that our movement can grow to a great fruition.

It is true that there is plenty of good music and poetry in libraries and stores, but, in order that people shall band themselves together for the purpose of singing it, such work must be of prophetic vision, and filled with the warmth of the human heart that throbs with the hopes and aspirations of to-morrow.

There are music and texts that have stood the test of centuries and are still leading us. Such music ranges from expressing the quaint simplicities of the people's lives to the highest forms of choral and fugal harmonies. In the course of three years, in various community choruses, I have used this gradation of music and text.

For the benefit of those who are interested in getting an idea of the musical setting of "The Will of Song," I have prepared the following Musical Program, giving the numbers that were used in the productions at Orange and Buffalo. These consist of Orchestral Music, Choral and Community Singing.

MUSICAL PROGRAM

Part I.—Soul of Earth

1. Swedish Coronation March . . . . . Svendsen
2. Community Singing
   America — Annie Laurie
   Long Trail — Old Folks at Home
   America, the Beautiful
3. Storm Music . . . . . Langey
4. Prelude (Last Dream of the Virgin) . Massenet
5. Dornröschen (Suite) . . . . . Tschaikowsky
6. Furioso No. 2 . . . . . Langey
7. Battle Hymn of the Republic . Julia Ward Howe
8. Rustle of Spring . . . . . Sinding
9. Old Kentucky Home . . . . . Stephen Foster

Dance and Song

10. a. Aubade Printaniere . . . . . Paul Lacombe
    Orchestra
    b. Coming of Spring . . . . . R. G. Cole
    Children
11. Dixie . . . . . Dan Emmett

Dance and Song

12. a. Czardas (from Ballet "Coppelia") . . Delibes
    b. Dancing by Moonlight . . . . . Chopin
    arr. by C. D. Hare
13. Welcome, Sweet Springtime . . . . Rubinstein
    (Melody in F.) arranged for Children's Voices
14. Largo (from New World Symphony) . . . Dvorak
    Arranged for Children's Voices
15. Joy, Brothers, Joy . . . . . Arthur Farwell
16. Come, All Ye Faithful . . . . . J. Reading

PROGRAM

Part II.—Soul of Light

1. Orchestra.
2. Joy to the World.
3. Prelude (Last Dream of the Virgin) . . Massenet

4. Furioso No. 2 . . . . . Langey
   a. Panorama . . . . . Tschaikowsky
   (from Dornröschen Suite)

Dance 5. Isoline Ballet . . . . . Messager

6. "The Creation" . . . . . Haydn
   To end of "Heavens Are Telling."

7. Nearer, My God, To Thee.

Dance 8. Largo (From New World Symphony) . . Dvorak

9. Remainder of "The Creation."

10. Hymn: "Hark, the Herald Angels Sing."

NOTES

PART I

PRELUDE

1. Coronation March.
   Serves to get the people settled in their seats.
2. Community Singing.
   Produces the mood and feeling in common, appropriate to bring forth *Will.*

ACTION ONE

3. Storm Music.
   Serves to bring forth the Figure of *Will.*
4. Massenet Prelude.
   Played very soft during the dialogue between *Will* and Groups.

ACTION TWO

5. Tschaikowsky's "Dornröschen."
   Was very impressive. Brings forth *Soul of Earth* and her Spirits.

ACTION THREE

6. Furioso No. 2.
   Was thrilling in effect as *the Peoples of Earth* came in.
7. Battle Hymn of the Republic.
   Words and music seemed to have been written for the scene while the people were breaking bread.

ACTION FOUR

8. Rustle of Spring.
   (Characteristic.) Was played for the entrance o *Spring* and her Dancing Spirits.
9. My Old Kentucky Home.
   Is particularly good for community singing and serve at this place very well, though it is not appropriat for Spring. It is interesting to note that there i not a popular joy song of the people.

ACTION FIVE

10. Aubade Printaniere.
    The Lacombe number opened the dance and led int the Children's Chorus "Coming of Spring." Th combination of the Children's Chorus and Orchestr and Dancers was very wonderful in effect.

ACTION SEVEN

11. Dixie.
    Sung by the entire assemblage. Was well fitted t greet the Spirits of *Play*.
12. Czardas.
    From Ballet "Coppelia" with the orchestra was th first part of the dance which led into the Children' Chorus, "Dancing by Moonlight."

ACTION NINE

13. Melody in F, by Rubinstein.
    Arranged for Children's Chorus, was sung by a larg group of Children as they proceeded from back o the hall, and was taken up by the Chorus in th Arc as the Children came on the stage.
14. At the conclusion of this, at the proper moment, th trained Chorus sing an arrangement of the "Largo from the "New World Symphony," by Dvorak.
15. At the command of *Will*, the Children burst into "Joy Brothers, Joy," by Arthur Farwell, the most inspirin joy hymn of modern times.

FINALE

12. O Come, All Ye Faithful.
    The entire assemblage rises and sings.

PART II

PRELUDE

1. Orchestra as on first evening.
2. Joy to the World.
   The entire assemblage sings.

ACTION ONE

3. Orchestral Prelude.
   Taken up from the chimes out of the darkness and played through the entire First Action.

ACTION TWO

4. Furioso No. 2.
   Brings on *Imagination* and *Will.*
5. Panorama.
   Fourth movement of the Suite leading into the Isoline Ballet.

ACTION THREE

Chants.

ACTION FOUR

6. "The Creation."
   To the end of "Heavens Are Telling."

ACTION FIVE

Chants.

ACTION SIX

7. Nearer, My God, To Thee.
   Entire assemblage sings.

ACTION SEVEN

8. Largo (from New World Symphony).
   Dance.

ACTION EIGHT

Chants.

ACTION NINE

9. Remainder of the "Creation."

ACTION TEN

Chants.

FINALE

10. Hark, the Herald Angels Sing.
    Entire assemblage rises and sings.

SETTING FOR PRODUCTION

By Irving Pichel

Productions of "The Will of Song" employ no scenery in th accepted sense of the word but only such platforms, steps, an banks of seats as are required for the projection of the service,– in other words, facilities for the actors, singers, and dancers In much the same fashion as the church chancel is an outgrowt of the demands of conventionalized worship, this stage is a direc product of the demands made of it,—no more and no less. It is then, a "stage setting" in the purest sense of the word, com pletely fulfilling the needs of this performance and addin nothing.

Accordingly, it is to be constructed with no elaboration o line or form. All the surfaces exposed to the eye should eithe be painted a neutral grey or covered with dark cloth.

At the back, meeting the eye of the spectator, and at right an left, rise tiers of seats for the singers. The exact arrangement o these banks depends largely upon conditions to be met in th particular auditorium in which the service is to be presented

Between the seats and the stage platform, a space is left a the level of the main floor. In this space the orchestra is placed Directly in front of the orchestra and concealing it from th spectators is the stage proper. To this stage enter the group of The Peoples of All Lands, Spring, Play, and Song. Acces to the stage from the main floor is provided by steps at the righ and left front corners of the platform.

At the back of the stage rises the central seat on which *Wi* appears. It is approached by steps at either side, and a sma step or ladder, as shown on the ground plan, leads from it to th orchestra pit, to provide for the entrance of the actor playin *Will* as well as for the entrance of the song leader.

On the ground plan are indicated the positions, in the midst o the audience, of the three Group Persons, Love, Joy, an Liberty. These facilities are platforms on three levels, th uppermost for the Symbol-Bearer of each group, the second fo

the Men and Women, and the lowest for the Children, thus providing a pyramidal arrangement of the group. It will be noted that the seating is so disposed as to leave aisle space about the Group Persons, so that they may not obstruct the view of the spectators.

The Group Persons should be lighted, from directly overhead, by lens-lamps equipped with 1000-Watt concentrated filament bulbs. It may be found necessary to provide each of these spot lamps with a sleeve or "louvre" to prevent the light from diffusing over too wide an area. The general lighting of stage and chorus also can best be accomplished by lighting-units hung from the ceiling.

PROGRAM OF THE ORANGE PRODUCTION

THE WILL OF SONG

ORANGE ARMORY, MAY 2nd AND 3rd, 1919.

COMMUNITY CHORUS OF THE ORANGES

HARRY BARNHART, Director
FREDERIC WATSON, Accompanist
MRS. F. WESTERVELT TOOKER, President
MRS. ISAAC C. OGDEN, 1st Vice-President
MRS. FRANK H. SHEPARD, 2nd Vice-President
DISTRICT VICE-PRESIDENTS
Mr. S. Edgar Briggs, Mr. H. Addison Hickok, Mr. William H. Smith
Mr. Harry R. Terhune
Mr. A. E. Condit, Recording Secretary Miss Elizabeth Cooper, Corresponding Secretary
Mr. F. Westervelt Tooker, Treasurer

FOREWORD

"The Will of Song" is a Dramatic Service of Community Singing, devised in co-operation with Harry Barnhart, by Percy MacKaye for use as a Two Days Song Festival. In this festival, the experience of Mr. Barnhart as a director of community song and the experience of Mr. MacKaye as a designer of community drama, after some years of separate growth and experiment, have come naturally together by the creative necessity implied in a common task—the release of the human spirit by means of co-operative expression. This merging of their experiences has resulted in a new creative experiment, modest in its first step, but potential with large meanings for the growth of community art.

This service is a festival ceremony of solo and choral speech and dance, choral song and symbols of costume and light. By these means, "The Will of Song" seeks to reveal intimations of the sub-conscious rhythmic life whose will is the natural law of human brotherhood.

The first day of the festival suggests the workings of this law n the simpler relationships of mankind, through Soul of Earth, vhen bread is broken and portioned together, when springtime nd play and singing are shared in common. So the first day ises the simpler forms of choral singing as exemplified in usual "Community Sings."

The second day suggests the workings of this law in the subtler ealms of human aspirations, where the imagination born of ommon sympathy (through Soul of Light) reveals the ecessity of brotherhood to the higher development of mankind. o the second day uses forms of choral singing more highly rganized, as exemplified in Haydn's "Creation."

FIRST DAY

Part I. SOUL OF EARTH

PERSONS AND PARTICIPANTS

SOLO PERSONS

In Chanted Speech

Will . . . . . Irving Pichel

In Pantomime

Soul of Earth*. . . . . Mrs. W. E. Alvord
Spirit of Spring . . . . . Miss Helen Schaup
Spirit of Play . . . . . Miss Margaret Bateman
Spirit of Song . . . . . Mrs. D. Frederick Burnett

GROUP PERSONS

In Chanted Speech

Love . . . . . Symbol-Bearer, Mrs. E. A. McCoy
Chanters: Men, Women and Children

Joy . . . . . Symbol-Bearer, Miss Elizabeth Brown
Chanters: Men, Women and Children

Liberty . . . . . Symbol-Bearer, Mr. Frederick T. Kelsey
Chanters: Men, Women and Children

* The name "Soul of Earth" was suggested by the chief character of "The In-Gathering," a festival ceremony by Prof. Alfred G. Arvold, Director of the Little Country Theatre, Agricultural College, North Dakota, and is here used with his friendly approval.

Child-Emissaries of Soul of Earth . . { May Hayward Hunt / Nathaniel Gardner / Jack Johns

In Group Pantomime

People of Earth . . . . . By Nationalitie
Pupils from the Elmwood School, East Orange

SPIRITS OF SPRING

A Dancing Group, Miss Margaret Joralemon, Director

SPIRITS OF PLAY

East Orange High School Pupils, Miss Dorothy Hutchinson
Director

SPIRITS OF SONG

From Children's Community Chorus
Children's Chorus of 600 voices, trained by Mr. Barnhart an
Mr. Watson

Costumes of Choruses and Principals designed and made b
the Buffalo Community Chorus.

Costumes of Group Dancers made by members of the Com
munity Chorus of the Oranges.

Steinway Piano kindly furnished by the Griffith Piano Co
605 Broad Street, Newark, N. J.

Special Music orchestrated by Mr. Frederic Watson.

SECOND DAY

PART II

SOUL OF LIGHT

Will . . . . . Irving Pich
Soul of Light . . . . . Miss Elizabeth Coc

Imagination, in Dance and Pantomime . Miss Evangeline Cla
Accompanied by Ethereal Spirits

GROUP PERSON

In Chanted Speech

Brotherhood . . . . . Symbol-Bearer, Theodore Seeley

Chanters: Men, Women and Children

IN HAYDN'S "CREATION"

Gabriel . . . . . } Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano
Eve . . . . . }

Uriel . . . . . Mr. Dan Beddoe, Tenor

Raphael . . . . . } Mr. Arthur Middleton, Bass
Adam . . . . . }

COMMUNITY CHORUS OF THE ORANGES

Orchestra of Selected Musicians

NOTE TO PEOPLE

That the Community Chorus has become a valuable asset in the civic affairs of the Oranges is unquestioned. During the past three seasons, the weekly and largely attended meetings have brought together the people of the four Oranges in a truly democratic manner.

The results of the work of the Chorus have been given freely to the people. The Messiah, Creation, and the other good music, with negro melodies and old familiar airs, have comprised the programmes of the concerts.

The members of the Chorus have always been glad to render their services in participation in any patriotic endeavor, and Red Cross and Liberty Loan Drives and concerts at Camp Merritt have had their enthusiastic support.

When the war clouds were heaviest, the rehearsals helped to sustain the morale of the people at home, and during the summer months, with the generous response of some of the prominent and public-spirited men of the Oranges, the weekly concerts were enjoyed by thousands in the parks.

The Community Christmas celebration, where all were asked to attend the exercises around a tree, was another evidence of the desire of the Chorus to enable all to join in a celebration appropriate to that season.

It has been suggested that a Community Music Association is the most logical solution for the furtherance of Community Chorus growth.

If the activities of the Chorus must serve a civic need by providing festivals and opportunities for gatherings in the summer, singing in the parks, Christmas celebrations and Spring Festivals, such a step would seem to be of paramount necessity.

The Community Chorus is a self-governing, democratic organization, paying for the running expenses of rehearsals, etc.

When demonstrating the bigger creative spirit that comes out of singing for and with a community at large, we must make some opportunity for all the people to share in the expense and creative service. To accomplish this, in a proper manner, it would be necessary to make a yearly budget, including Spring Festivals, Summer singing in parks and Christmas celebrations, all of which should be given free.

To finance the work, an association could be formed and all subscribers become members, subscriptions from 50 cents to large sums being received. In considering the plans for a Spring Festival, which is in most part an experiment and is now being given indoors in a more intimate way and which naturally limits the attendance, it is, however, the first step in something bigger, which if given out-of-doors, would be within reach of all the people.

The seating of the auditorium should be laid out in proportion to the cost of festival and as in this particular festival the second day is a continuation of the first day in developing the whole idea, tickets and reservations should include both performances.

Subscribers to the Association should be entitled to tickets in proportion to amount of subscription, from fifty cents to twenty-five dollars. Any amount exceeding cost could go into the Community Music Fund for other music purposes and under the control of a Board of Directors.

For the Spring Festival there should be at least 2,000 subscriptions. No tickets should be sold at door, but at a given time all subscribers could be notified when tickets were ready for distribution, and obtain them by going to a given place and at a given time and making reservations.

It is absolutely necessary for the higher development of the Community Chorus that its work and creative powers be more concretely demonstrated to the thinking people and influential citizens of the community.

Free expression of our art cannot be conducted through common commercial methods, where personal aggrandizement and monetary gain hamper their growth.

In recommending this idea for conducting festivals it is hoped to make it possible for those who really desire to see and hear, to have adequate and proper facilities for doing so. This cannot be accomplished upon the old basis of financing and selling tickets, but it would give the people of the community an opportunity to help and be helped in an expression of love, service and beauty.

PROGRAM OF THE BUFFALO PRODUCTION

COMMUNITY SPRING FESTIVAL
The Will of Song

A Dramatic Service of Community Singing

ELMWOOD MUSIC HALL

Monday and Tuesday Evenings, May 26th and 27th
Nineteen Hundred and Nineteen

FIRST DAY.

PART I—SOUL OF EARTH.

Persons and Participants.

SOLO PERSONS.

In Chanted Speech

Will . . . . . Irving Pichel

In Pantomime

Soul of Earth . . . . . Ruth Ashley-Smith

In Dance

Spring . . Zorilda Riddell, Lauretta Stabell, Dorothy Barmon
Play . . . . . Marian Hecht, Dorothy Jones
Song . . . . . Betty Leeming

GROUP PERSONS.

In Chanted Speech

LOVE—Symbol-Bearer—Miss Dorothy Sands. **Chanters**—Miss Helen Douglas, Mrs. Chas. Devine, Mrs. Duane Lyman, Mrs. Preston Albro, Luther Graves, George Wilkins, Parker Dehn, Irwin Besser, Susan Bass, Marion McNulty, Harriett Adams, Evelyn Hillman, Esther Cooley, Ruth Alden, Nancy Albright, Elyot Thompson, Frances Davis, Phyllis Nichols, Carolyn Shone, Helen Gardner.

JOY—Symbol-Bearer—Mrs. Stuart Mitchell. **Chanters**—Mrs. Harold Clement, Miss Marian White, Mrs. George More, Mr. Stuart Mitchell, Harold Clement, Warren Case, Jean Douglass, Martha Hamlin, Natalie Williams, Louise A. Hummell, Priscilla Camp, Florence Lyon, Martha Kellogg, Betty Hutchinson.

LIBERTY—Symbol-Bearer—Sydney Stall. **Chanters**—Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. E. G. Spaulding, Mrs. Porter Norton, Miss Gwendolyn Irwin, Arthur Prouse, Carl Wedell, Albert Cohn, Malcolm Barney, Julia James, Doris Dudley, Helen Schofield, Katherine Dold, Isabella Russell, Chloe Thompson, Francesca Wilkes, Jean Ellis.

Child-Emissaries of Soul of Earth—Theresa Parwolska, Fanny Lou Barrell, Carmela La Greca.

In Group Pantomime

Peoples of Earth . . . . . by Nationalities

Spirits of Spring—Mary Walsh, Frances Walsh, Sylvia Starr, Annette Frey, Margaret Frye, Elfreda Jessel, Cora Benning, Ethel Farnham, Helen Scott, Helen Keichgens.

Spirits of Play—Ethel Wilcox, Lillias MacDonald, Charlotte Risley, Mildred Gardiner, Doretta Smith, Margaret Deihl, Viola Krzyzykowska, Bertha Kemp, Mildred Rose, Rosalie Parsons, Marjorie Freeman, Agnes Tranter and Viola Sparkes.

Spirits of Song—Two hundred children from the Buffalo State Normal School; thirty-five children from the Elmwood School.

SECOND DAY.

PART II—SOUL OF LIGHT.

Will . . . . . Irving Pichel

Soul of Light . . . . . Mrs. Alfred H. Clark

Imagination . . . . . Ellen Becker

Spirits of Imagination—Lillias MacDonald, Dorothy Jones, Mary Walsh, Frances Walsh, Zorilda Riddell, Mary Kreig.

GROUP PERSON

In Chanted Speech

BROTHERHOOD—Symbol-Bearer—Malcolm Barney. **Chanters**—Mrs. Parton Swift, Mrs. E. G. Spaulding, Miss Dorothy Sands, Miss Chloe Thompson, Mrs. Porter Norton, Arthur Prouse, Sydney Stall, Irwin Besser, Parker Dehn, Dorothy Lipp, Marian Mitchell, Margaret Pooley, Millicent White, Katharine Pierce, Doris Silbert, Gladys Lindsay, Una Martin, Kathleen Armstrong.

In Haydn's "CREATION."

Gabriel (Eve) . . . . . Miss Florence Hinkle, Soprano

Uriel . . . . . Mr. Dan Beddoe, Tenor

Raphael (Adam) . . . . . Mr. Arthur Middleton, Bass

Semi-Chorus—Mrs. Harriet Welch-Spire, Mrs. Edna Luse, Mrs. Agnes Preston Storck, Mrs. John Mesmer, Mrs. Walter Hawke, Miss Kener, Miss Laetitia Viele, Carl Stephan, Charles Mott, Ernest Crimi, Charles McCreary, George Barrell, Claude Stephan, Eugene Frey, Louis Reynolds.

Buffalo Community Chorus.

For the Festival

Conductor . . . . . Harry Barnhart
Action Staged by . . . . . Irving Pichel
Technical Director . . . . . Harold Olmstead
Accompanists . . . . . First Night—Miss Eva Rautenburg
Second Night—Miss Harriet Morgan

Dances designed and directed by Miss Ellen Becker
Orchestra of Buffalo Musicians.

Song has risen out of the hearts of the people. In all parts of this land, the American people is beginning to chant together its hopes and aspirations. It is like a deep irresistible murmur, far off, of the people who have lived before us, who live in us

today, calling out of ourselves to the people who shall liv tomorrow.

This song is calling forth the heart of a new generation whic is now beginning to sing a new hymning.

HARRY BARNHART.

The Community Chorus has been in Buffalo now for two and a half year We have had regular Saturday nights at Hutchinson High School, Summe sings throughout the city, Christmas Festivals, etc. Thousands of peop have been reached and have, we feel, through singing together, experience a little better realization of the democracy of the spirit. This past wint every Monday night at School 42, in the Black Rock district, representa tives of many nationalities—Russian, Polish, Czecho-Slovak, Hungaria etc.,—a large percentage of them being men—have met and sung (in En lish) together. These evenings have been a convincing testimony to th power of song.

Opportunities such as this for extending the singing in a city like ours a limitless, and the need is great.

The Community Chorus in its Saturday night meetings is self-supportin For the extension work there must be systematic work, and funds a needed. Our program for the year is

Community Spring Festival. The festival is not planned primarily as a entertainment, but as an opportunity for a community expression in a organized art form. It is participated in by at least fifteen hundred peop from every section of Buffalo.

Summer Outdoor Singing—This includes Saturday Night sings with band, which accompaniment is necessary with large crowds, and it als includes smaller neighborhood song-evenings which are practical with piano.

SUMMER SONG PROGRAM IN DELAWARE PARK—A closing night a climax of the sectional sings, carried out by groups from as many grou as possible.

Starting of choruses indoors in new neighborhoods next winter.

Through the Spring Festival, by a regular seat sale, we undoubtedl could have realized a large sum of money, but our meetings have alway been free to the people and we do not want to lose this service of open do opportunity. We are, therefore, this spring asking for subscriptions f our extension work. A voluntary offering will be taken at the close of bot evenings. Subscription blanks are with every program, and may be le as pledges in the baskets at the time of collection.

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